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SERGEL'S ACTING DRAMA

FOUL PLAY

A Drama in Four Acts.

By

Dion Boucicault and Charles Reade

NUMBER

368

PUBLISHED BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLES H SERGEL PRES.

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PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

By W. D. EMERSON.

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

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Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one-hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

CONTENTS.

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Address Orders to

**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CHICAGO.**

FOUL PLAY.

A Drama,

IN FOUR ACTS.

By DION BOUCICAULT AND CHARLES READE,

Authors of "Arrah-na-Pogue," "It is Never too Late to Mend," "London by Night," etc., etc.

AS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE HOLBORN THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER
THE MANAGEMENT OF MISS FANNY JOSEPHS,
THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1868.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

CHICAGO:

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Holborn Theatre, London,
May 28, 1868.*

Sir Edward Rolleston (Character, Old Man).....	Mr. BELLAIR.
Old Wardlaw (Old Man).....	Mr. MCINTYRE.
Robert Penfold (Leading).....	Mr. E. PRICE.
Arthur Wardlaw (Leading Juvenile Comedy).....	Mr. G. NEVILLE.
Michael Penfold (Old Man).....	Mr. PARSELLE.
Joe Wylie (Low Comedy).....	Mr. JOS. IRVING.
Burtenshaw (Utility).....	Mr. WESTLAND.
Hawkins (Character Comedy).....	Mr. MORELAND.
Atkins (Utility).....	Mr. ARTHUR.
Messenger (Utility).....	Mr. HARRISON.
Helen Rolleston (Leading Comedy).....	Miss HENRADE.
Nancy Rouse (Chambermaid).....	Miss FANNY JOSEPHS.

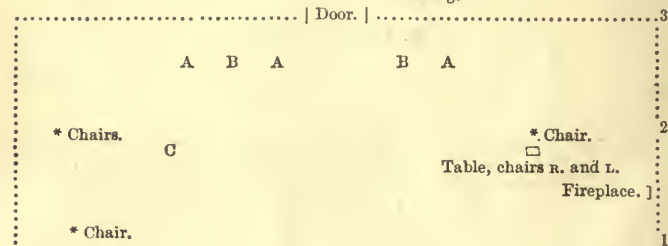
TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS AND TWENTY MINUTES.

NOTE.—Act I., thirty minutes; Act II., twenty-five minutes; Act III., fifty minutes; Act IV., twenty minutes.

SCENERY.

ACT I.—SCENE. An Office in three grooves.

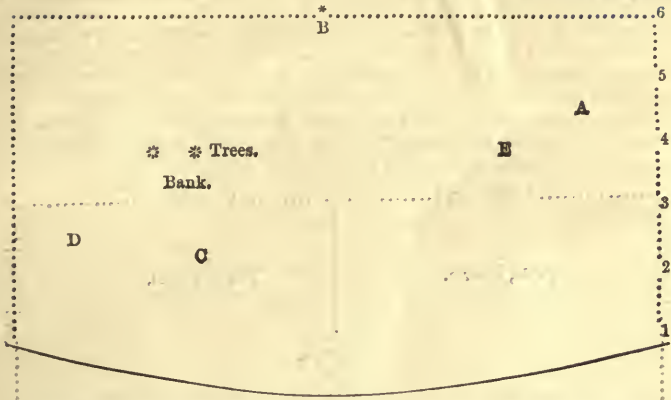
————— Backing.



Backing to D. in F. is a wall; a railing before it, enclosing a desk and seat; wall is light grained wood panelling; fireplace L. 1 E. set; map of the Pacific Ocean L. 2 E. on set; maps elsewhere; row of clothes-pegs R. 2 E.; A A A, black japanned boxes with white letters—one "Mercantile Shipping Acts, 1840-60," another "Policies of Insurance," "Miranda," etc.; B B are stands with full-rigged models of ships, one L. marked "Shannon," the other, R., "Proserpine;" C a copying press on stand; table L., covered with papers, books, writing materials; chairs at table and R.; umbrella stand L. U. E. corner; brass rod and red curtain to the glass part of D. in F.; carpet down.

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ACT II.—SCENE I. Island in six grooves.



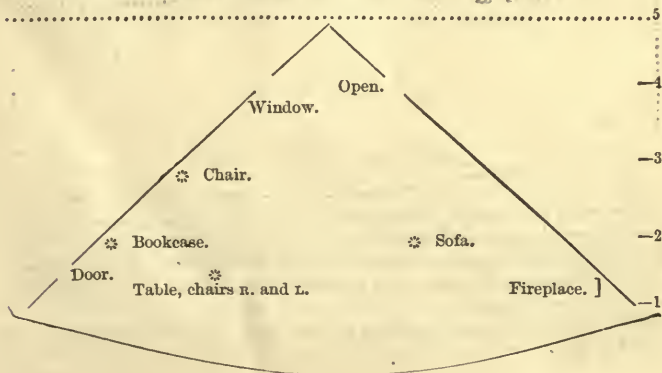
The two upper entrances have canvas down for ocean, fading off at the horizon into the sky-line; L. side, set canvas; A represents the island running out a spur of land into the sea; all the wings trees; borders and sinks in the two upper entrances, sky; in other entrances trees and foliage; B, the sun, very full, transparent, to let light behind through; it is setting; clouds are orange; all the whites in the colors are yellow-tinted, very rich; purple shadings to trees; set trees in profile, R. C., in fourth groove; a bank, with rocks, etc., runs along this groove to mask edge of canvas water; canvas down in front, of a sandy color, contrasting with the blue of the water, and continuing the set island up L. side; C, piece of sail cloth down, 3 by 4 feet, for table cloth, set with shells for plates; D, hut made of bark, sail cloth and a blanket or two; doorway open; E, a yawl, with a mast stepped in the fore-thwart, and boom; no sail; not practicable; name on the stern, "Proserpine."

SCENE II.—Exterior of country house in second cut of first grooves; sunlight; garden R.; windows with green blinds; bell-pull to door, bell to ring; D. in F. prac.

SCENE III.—Tropical forest, in first cut of first grooves; sunset.

SCENE IV.—Same as Scene I., Act II.; boat L. 3 E. is removed; another boat, to carry eight men, to work to R. C. from R., 4 E.; the sun in F. is the moon; gas is down to further the night effect.

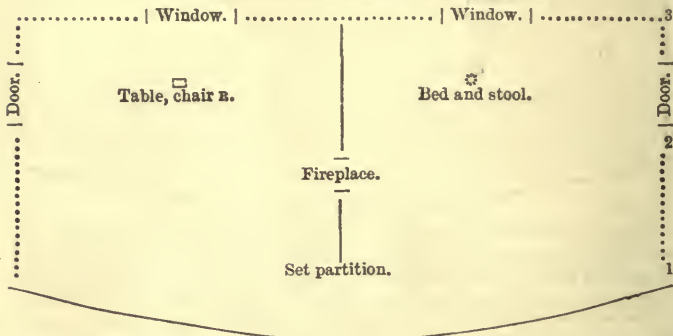
ACT III.—SCENE I. Library in country house, in five grooves.



Walls of dark oak panelling, cornices and carvings rather heavy; portraits faded and browned, L. and R., of men and women of George III. and IV.'s time, in plain dress; shelves of books painted; bookcase, black walnut, carved, red curtains to glass doors; L. 4 E., an open window, opening on a supposed balcony, with exit from it window R. 4 E., not practicable; D. R. 1 E. practicable; two vases and clock over fireplace L. 1 E.; carpet down; red curtains to L. U. E. window.

SCENE II.—Exterior of houses in London, in first groove; two houses on the stage; the R. one has a practicable D.; L. one is very ruinous; windows broken, etc.

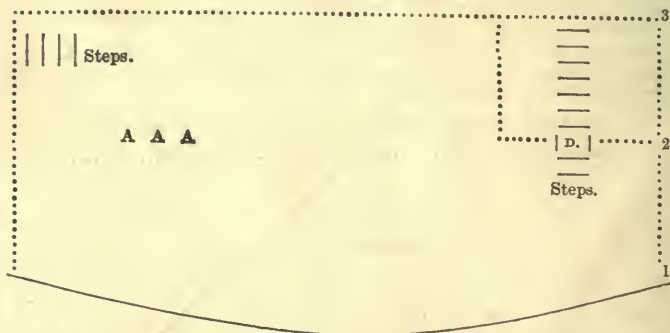
SCENE III.—Interior of two houses, in three grooves.



Closed in R. and L.; R. room is neatly arranged, small carpet down, table, chair; a few flowers in pots on windowsill; L. room is very dilapidated; view through both windows in F. is of London housetops by sunset; fireplace in C. set is common to both rooms; bricks arranged to fall out. (See Play at this scene.)

SCENE IV.—Interior in first grooves; D. in F.; shelves of books painted R. side on F.

SCENE V.—Cellar in three grooves.



Stone walls, very dark; R. 2 E., steps leading up from below stage-level; L. 2 E. closed in, wall around steps leading down to D. in set in second groove, to which three or four steps lead up from stage level; A A A, boxes, plain pine, bound with tape of iron color at the ends, 2 by 3 by 5 feet, not to be moved before audience; one at C. to be sat upon.

ACT IV.—SCENE. Same as Scene I., Act III. Sofa put up L., and another table placed L. front.

COSTUMES (*English, present day.*)

- ROBERT PENFOLD.—*Act II.*: White shirt, straw hat, black pants tucked into high black boots, belt; hair and beard long; a jacket for him. *Scene III.*: Same, only beard and hair longer, face slightly less brown, jacket on, cane. *Act IV.*: Black coat, beard and hair long, but trimmed; light hat, pants and vest.
- ARTHUR WARDLAW (aged 25).—*Act I.*: Dark vest, light pants, with dark gray stripe down seam, black velvet coat, light hair and small moustache. *Act II.*: Brown velvet dressing gown, with blue cord and tassel, light pants, smoking cap; face pale. *Act III.*: White vest, gray pants, black coat. *Act IV.*: Color on face to come off and leave it very pale; same dress as last.
- JOE WYLIE (aged 30).—Sailor; long red wig and beard around face. *Acts I. and II.*: Dark blue vest, jacket and trousers, brass buttons, black glazed hat. *Act III.*: Over his dress, high hat, very long-skirted dark coat, long, black wig and beard. *Scenes III., IV., V.*, same as first dress. *Act IV.*: Same as first dress.
- SIR E. ROLLESTON (aged 50).—White hair and gray moustache. *Act I.*: Light brown overcoat over black coat, white vest, light pants. *Act II., Scene IV.*: Summer East India dress, straw hat, white vest, coat and trousers, low-cut shoes. *Act III., Scene I.*: White vest, black suit. *Act IV.*: White vest, black coat, gray pants.
- WARDLAW (aged 50).—*Act I.*: Black coat and vest, gray pants, white wig, gray side whiskers, eye-glass to black ribbon. *Act II., Scene II.*: Light pants, brown overcoat over black coat, black hat, umbrella. *Act III.*: Same as last, without overcoat. *Act IV.*: Gray pants, black vest and black frock coat.
- MICHAEL PENFOLD (aged 55).—White wig, black suit, spectacles.
- BURTENSHAW.—Hat, dark suit, light overcoat.
- HAWKINS.—Close shaven, short-hair black wig, a little bald on top, black suit, hat, black watch guard, note-book with pencil; speaks quickly but clearly and emphatically.
- ATKINS.—Black suit.
- MESSINGER.—Black suit.
- SAILORS.—White suits, trimmed with blue, straw hats with blue ribbon.
- SERVANT.—Black suit.
- HELEN ROLLESTON.—*Act II.*: Hair long and down, white body without sleeves, blue skirt over white petticoat, white stockings, canvas shoes. *Act III.*: Walking dress, hair in the fashion. Change of dress hereafter, at pleasure.
- NANCY.—*Act I.*: Straw bonnet, dark dress, apron. *Act II., Scene II.*: Brown dress, black patent leather belt with clasp, white apron, cap. *Act III., Scene II.*: Red dress, black apron, lace collar and white cuffs, hair plain.

PROPERTIES (*See Scenery.*)

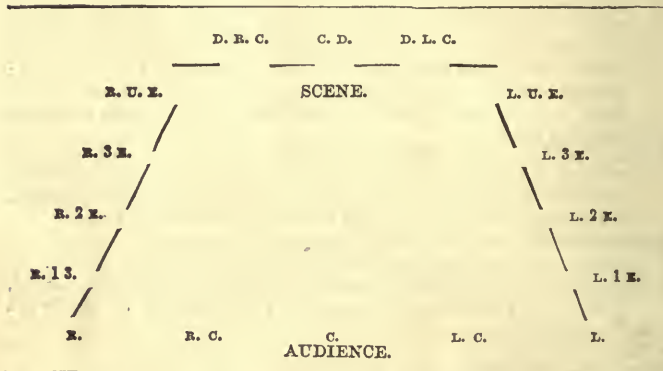
Act I.: Papers on table, posters and placards of "ships to sail" on wall, as, "Direct for Melbourne—the A 1 fast sailing clipper ship —, —, to sail —," etc.; bag and paper for MESSINGER; bell on table to ring; quill for MICHAEL behind his ear. *Act II.*: Shells for plates; comb for HELEN; articles of dress and bed in R. 2 E. hut. *Scene II.*: Bell to ring; umbrella for WARDLAW; letter for same. *Scene III.*: Knotted stick for ROBERT. *Scene IV.*: Oars for boat, boat hook; watch and chain in hut R. 2 E.; fire burning R. side, with one stick to keep alight while carried about; Bible in hut, small. *Act III.*,

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Scene I.: Books and papers on table; ornaments on fireplace L. 1 E.; letter for HAWKINS; bell on R. table, to ring. *Scene III.*: See to bricks being ready to fall out of chimney-place; roll of bank bills; candle to burn; sewing for NANCY; key for WYLIE; pair of handcuffs for HAWKINS. *Scene IV.*: Chair. *Scene V.*: Boxes; two lanterns to burn, one with slide.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L.	Left.	C.	Centre.
L. C.	Left Centre.	R.	Right.
L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.	R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.
L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.	R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.
L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.	R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.
L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance (wherever this Scene may be.)	R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.
D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.	D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.

FOUL PLAY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Office in three grooves. Music. ARTHUR WARDLAW discovered seated, writing at table, L. C., facing R., side to audience.*

Enter ATKINS, D. in F.

ARTHUR. Well, what news?

ATKINS. The packet has not yet been sent on. Shares are going down, I hear, sir.

ARTHUR (*aside*). And I must have ten thousand at any price within the fortnight. (*writing, ATKINS goes up.*)

Enter D. in F., MESSENGER, bag slung round him by its strap, paper in his hand.

MESSENGER (*reads from paper*). "Simpson & Son gone! Bank of England deliberate on raising rate of discount! Merton & Wade gone! Selling-out movement in consols." [*Exit D. in F.*]

ATKINS. You hear, sir? What is to be done, sir?

ARTHUR. Nothing. (*ATKINS goes up c.*) Nothing. (*ATKINS bows and exit D. in F.*) Ruin! (*rises*)—ruin! and worse than ruin! exposure. (*c.*) Oh, if I could but tide this over for one short month—but it is impossible for me to conceal from my father my real state longer. (*to table again*) It must come out—this tissue—this system of fraud and deceit! The air is full of failures—how can I hope a better fate. (*writing mechanically.*)

ATKINS enters D. in F.

ARTHUR. Why do you disturb me?

ATKINS. Mr. Burtenshaw, sir.

ARTHUR. I will see no one!

(*Voice of BURTONSHAW at back by D. in F., appealingly.*) Do see me, Mr. Wardlaw.

ATKINS. What am I to do, sir?

ARTHUR. Show him in! (*ATKINS goes to D. in F. and ushers in BURTONSHAW, who bows with hat in hand. ATKINS remains up R.*)

ARTHUR. What does this mean, sir.

BURT. (*c.*) Oh, sir, have you heard any news of your ship?

ARTHUR. The Proserpine? It seems that she is lost.

BURT. Only "seems," sir, I hope? Excuse my emotion—it is the thought of my young wife and family that makes me so anxious. I

made the bonds of assurance for seventy thousand pounds on your ship, all my fortune, sir, is in her.

ARTHUR (*coldly*). I have pressing need, myself, of a large sum.

BURT. If I could be given a little time, I could meet it better.

ARTHUR (*coldly*). What am I to understand by that?

BURT. Nothing (*with growing emotion*) I took the risk, sir, in the way of business, and as a man of business I will meet its result. It is only that I cannot view dispassionately the chance of my wife and children reduced to beggary. Don't be alarmed, sir, (*growing emotion*) the Burtenshaws, father and son, have always held their heads above suspicion. (*tearfully*) Don't be alarmed, sir, you shall be paid for your ship—though my poor wife—and—and—children—(*voice breaks*.) One moment, sir! (*to ATKINS*.) Would you kindly give me a glass of water? (*ATKINS gives him tumbler from R. U. E. corner*) Thank you. (*drinks*) Don't be afraid, sir, Burtenshaw will meet his bond. Good morning, sir! (*bows to ARTHUR, who nods, and exits D. in F., followed by ATKINS.*)

ARTHUR. He is one of the cards—worn out by my fingering as I win the game.

(*Voice of NANCY at back*). But I will see him!

Enter NANCY, D. in F., struggling with ATKINS.

NANCY. Do you hear me, sir? I am not going to be put off seeing him! (*sees ARTHUR, curtsies*) Oh, Mr. Arthur, I beg pardon for coming into your workshop—I mean your office, like this. (*ARTHUR rises and goes R. C., ATKINS arranges his neck cloth and exit D. in F.*) Oh, tell me, where is he? (*falls into chair, L. C.*)

ARTHUR. Don't take on so, Nancy. The ship is all right.

NANCY. It's very kind of you to say so, sir. (*rocking herself in the chair in grief*) I never thought I should care so much for the good-for-nothing fellow. Just before he went away, he came around bothering me. "What do you want?" says I. "I want to have you," says he. "What for?" says I. "What I have been spending these two months ashore for," says he. And he was drunk half the time; and now he's gone away in the Proserpine to bring home a fortune for me. What's a fortune to me unless I have him along with it? (*weeps*.)

ARTHUR. Come, come! I can feel for you; I, too, have a sweetheart on the seas. You yourself know how I love her who is to be my bride. Yes, I love Miss Rolleston! I shall only know happiness again when I see her safe in London. (*crosses to L.*)

NANCY. Ah! it's not the real ladies that get lost at sea—it's only the poor common sailors and such like.

ARTHUR (*looking up at D. in F.*). My father! what brings him here at this hour?

Enter D. in F., WARDLAW.

WARDLAW. Good morning, Arthur.

ARTHUR. Good morning, father.

WARD. I've good news for you.

ARTHUR. For me? It can't be of her.

WARD. A telegram from Sir Edward Rolleston—

ARTHUR. Australia?

WARD. No; the ship has arrived.

NANCY (*starts up*). Oh, has he come home, indeed? (*L. C.*)

WARD. (*c., to ARTHUR*). He will be in London to-day. What's the meaning of this girl?

ARTHUR (*to c.*). It is Nancy Rouse, the sweetheart of Joe Wylie, the mate of the Proserpine.

WARD. Poor girl! (*whispers to ARTHUR.*)

Enter, D. in F., MESSENGER, as before.

MESSENGER (*reads paper*). "Bartley Brothers wound up, Maple & Cox, Liverpool, gone, Terry & Brown suspended, International Credit gone, Hopley & Timms, sixty-eight thousand, gone!" [*Exit D. in F.*]

NANCY (*aside, coming front, L. C.*). Where have they all gone to? (*goes up L. C.*)

WARD. You see, Arthur, how right we were to steer clear of all these new-fangled companies.

ARTHUR. Quite right, quite right!

WARD. Our books are all regular and a model to any trading firm.

ATKINS (*at D. in F.*). Mr. Wylie, sir.

Enters a few steps R. C.

ARTHUR. Wylie!

NANCY. Wylie! What, Joe? Where is he? (*up c.*) oh, oh!

ATKINS. He's waiting in the clerks' room, sir.

NANCY. Waiting! oh get out of the way! (*pushes ATKINS up R., and runs out D. in F.*)

ATKINS. Mr. Wylie, sir.

Ushers in JOE WYLIE and NANCY clinging to him.

ARTHUR. Let him be shown in at once.

WYLIE. Good day, gentlemen.*

ARTHUR. So you have got back again?

WYLIE. Never had a narrower squeak for it. Me and four of my mates are all that is left of the good ship Proserpine. (*Music, piano.*)

WARD. Lost?

WYLIE. Foundered, sir, eighteen hundred miles nor'west of Cape Horn.

ARTHUR. Where is the gold? (*exchanges a glance with WYLIE.*)

WYLIE. Gone to the bottom, every ounce of it! (*points downward.*)

NANCY (*embraces WYLIE, sweeps her fingers*). That for the gold! all that I cared for has stayed at the top of the water.

WYLIE. Oh, Nancy, come here! (*embrace, they go to R. U. corner, where WYLIE pantomimes the shipwreck, in boat, etc., NANCY showing pity.*)

ARTHUR (*to WARDLAW*). Father, I would beg your assistance for the moment.

WARD. Your are insured to the full, of course.

ARTHUR. Yes, but Mr. Burtenshaw was here asking a delay, I fear if I was to push the underwriters, it would create a panic on 'change.

WARD. Hum! and you want me to advance you—(*pauses.*)

ARTHUR. If you will advance me fifty thousand, it will give me time.

WARD. (*takes out his check book, seats himself at table.*) You will give me five per cent?

ARTHUR. I suppose I must.

WARD. (*dates and signs check*). You can put in the figures yourself;

*ATKINS.

NANCY.

WYLIE.

WARDLAW.

ARTHUR.

up R. C.

C.

L. C.

send it to the Bank at two o'clock. Then come to meet Sir Edward Rolleston at the station at half-past.

ARTHUR. Do not fear, father. (*rings bell, sees WARDLAW off D. in F., returns to table, writes.*)

Enter ATKINS, D. in F.

ARTHUR. Take this to the Bank of England. (*gives paper*) Call a hansom cab to be at the door. (*exit ATKINS D. in F. ARTHUR goes to WYLIE, up R.*) And now, Nancy, if you are done with Joe, perhaps you will hand him over to me.

NANCY. Oh, if you please, sir, he was only telling me——

ARTHUR. He can tell you the rest over the tea-table.

NANCY. Oh, I see! you are wanting me to go?

WYLIE. Yes, I'll come and take tea with you.

NANCY. Don't be long, Joe!

WYLIE. Oh, no, Nance! oh, no! (*sees her out D. in F.*)

ARTHUR (*seizes WYLIE by left arm with his right hand and drags him down c.*). Well, Joe, what news?

WYLIE (*gloomily*). I've done the job with the Proserpine.

ARTHUR. Go on!

WYLIE. And mark me, guv'nor, for all the gold that was ever digged out of the mines, or ever will be, I wouldn't do it ag'in.

ARTHUR. Curse your scruples! give me your facts!

WYLIE. Well, the copper and the gold were lodged in White & Co.'s store at Hobartstown.

ARTHUR. To which I gave you a duplicate key——

WYLIE. All right, guv'nor. I let myself in there and shifted the gold in the fifty boxes for copper in the cases, and it was shipped on board the Shannon, while the copper in the gold boxes was put in the Proserpine. I followed your instructions to the letter—and precious hard work it were.

ARTHUR. Never mind that now. Proceed.

WYLIE. Well, we had a splendid run. We were about eleven days from the Horn when (*hoarsely*) the ship sprang a leak! and in six hours after that she began to settle down!

ARTHUR. You are sure that no one had any suspicions of foul play?

WYLIE. No, no one among the crew, but one of the passengers had—a certain missionary chap——

ARTHUR. Great Heaven! he has not escaped with you?

WYLIE (*hoarsely*). I put him with the lady passenger and four lubbers in the starboard cutter, an old leaky boat. They'll never be heard on any more. (*draws his sleeve across his forehead.*)

ARTHUR. Then all is well, and I have the fifty cases of gold, marked as copper, in the Shannon, now lying at Liverpool.

WYLIE. All right, guv'nor, I heerd as she was in. Me and my mates was picked up at sea and brought home. A half a million! That's a tidy sum, sir.

ARTHUR. A very tidy sum, yes, Joe. But your two thousand pounds will make a man of you. (*goes L.*)

WYLIE. Then let's have it at once! (*goes to table*) Quick! I don't feel the same man I was.

ARTHUR. You shall have it at once. I am in a hurry now, as I have an appointment to meet my intended, just come home from abroad.

WYLIE. Ah! the poor dying girl on our ship was coming home, too, to meet her sweetheart! where is she now?

ARTHUR. Tush! there's not a day passes that ships are not scuttled on

dry land! and they go down with a precious freight and many lives! The authors of the scheme escape, as we have, with the plunder.

WYLIE. And what do shore-folks call that?

ARTHUR. Hem! a commercial crisis.

WYLIE. That's a long way of spelling robbery and murder.

Enter, D. in F., ATKINS.

ATKINS. The cab is waiting, sir.

ARTHUR (*nods*). All right! (*to WYLIE*) Call here to-morrow and I will settle accounts with you. (*changes his coat, takes his hat, exit D. in F., followed by ATKINS.*)

WYLIE (*alone*). Well! A cold-blooded son of an oyster he is, for you! Going off to see his sweetheart without e'er thought for them poor creatures as I left on the ocean in an open boat—six lives and one of them a woman's! it's cheap, the two thousand pounds I get for the job! I wonder what Nancy would say if she knew what was the fortune I am bringing her.

Enter, D. in F., coming down to WYLIE, C., front, PENFOLD.

PENFOLD. Sir!

WYLIE (*jumps in terror*). Eh?

PEN. I beg pardon, sir, but have you not come from Hobartstown?

WYLIE. Yes.

PEN. I have a son out there, sir—he's in the employment of White & Co. Perhaps you may have seen him?

WYLIE (*laughs*). Why, they have thirty clerks in their employ.

PEN. But none like my boy; if ever you had seen him, you would say so. But he is not a clerk—he is a light porter.

WYLIE. Ah! a ticket-of-leave man?

PEN. Yes, sir. (*hangs his head.*)

WYLIE. All right, all right.

PEN. His name is Penfold, Robert Penfold.

WYLIE. Penfold? The name seems sort of familiar to me. Let me see; Penfold! wasn't that the name of the young master's tutor that was lagged for forgery some fifteen years ago?

PEN. Yes, sir, but he never did it! Ah! I call a room of mine at home Hobartstown; I read all the books I meet that treat of the place where he is, I buy all the pictures of it—

WYLIE (*aside*). Poor old buffer! I quite feel for him! (*aloud*) I dare say I have seen him somewhere.

PEN. Yes, sir. Here is his photograph. (*show card*) How many times I have wept over it, kissed it, and blessed the invention that brought me so near my boy!

WYLIE (*card in hand*). I have seen that face before.

PEN. (*eagerly*). Yes, sir.

WYLIE (*agitated, aside*). Oh! I know now! It is the missionary chap, one of the six aboard the cutter! (*staggers back to chair by table L. C., forcing the card on PENFOLD.*)

PEN. (*eagerly*). You have seen him!

WYLIE. No, no! (*alarmed.*)

PEN. You recognize him! Oh, tell me—

WYLIE. No, no, I tell you!

Enter, D. in F., ATKINS, ushering in ROLLESTON.

WYLIE. What should I know about your son? (*Music.*)

ROLLES. Mr. Arthur Wardlaw?

ATKINS. Mr. Arthur has gone out, sir. Mr. Wardlaw, Senior, is in—would you like to see him? (ROLLESTON *nods*) What name, if you please, sir?

ROLLES. (*comes down c.*) Sir Edward Rolleston.

[*Exit ATKINS, D. in F. Long chord.*]

WYLIE (*starts up, aside.*) Rolleston! (*crosses at back to R. U. corner.*)

ROLLES. (*L. c. front.*) Eh? did you speak?

WYLIE (*stammers.*) Beg pardon, sir. Your name seemed familiar. (*repulses PENFOLD, who tries to speak to him, up R. c.*)

Enter, D. in F., WARDLAW.

WARD. Welcome! (*shakes hands with ROLLESTON*) My old friend, Sir Edward. A thousand welcomes! My son has gone off to the station to meet your—how disappointed he will be at not seeing her.

ROLLES. Her, her?

WARD. Has she not come with you up from Liverpool?

ROLLES. My daughter, do you mean? I expected her to have met me on my arrival.

WARD. She has not come with you? She was not to come by the Overland route?

ROLLES. That intention was altered, and her departure took place before mine. She sailed in the Proserpine. (*L. c.*)

WYLIE (*groans.*) Oh! (*Music.*)

WARD. (*c., aghast, glances at WYLIE, who hides his head.*) The Proserpine?

ROLLES. Why do you look so wild?

WARD. (*to WYLIE.*) Speak, speak!

ROLLES. You don't answer me!

WARD. That man was mate of the Proserpine.

WYLIE (*hoarsely.*) That ship foundered—is lost!

ROLLES. Great Heavens! (*falls into chair L. side of table*) Lost?

WARD. He has heard the worst. Tell him all.

WYLIE. Don't go to blame me. She wouldn't come into the long boat with us that were saved, but she stuck to the missionary chap. (ROLLESTON *comes to L. c.*) I kept the long boat in the track of ships, but we never heard nothing of them—

ROLLES. Quick! bring me the chart. (WARDLAW *brings map from L. 2. E. set to table, upper end*) Let me see where it happened. (*hands tremble and he bites at his moustache.*)

WYLIE (*points to map*). There, sir.

ROLLES. Are there no islands near there?

WYLIE. Not a speck of land within a thousand miles. (*pretended relief*) But, sir, she's been picked up—she's sure to have been picked up.

ROLLES. No paltering, fellow! show us where she was lost! Not a spot of land laid down. (*turns away, hiding his eyes with left hand, right hand on map.*)

Enter, D. in F., ARTHUR, very lightly and joyfully.

ARTHUR. Ah, Sir Edward, Sir Edward! what is the matter? (ALL *turn from him*) Father, you turn from me! Where is Helen?

WARD. (*to ARTHUR.*) Calm yourself, my dear boy, prepare for a terrible calamity.

ARTHUR. Calamity! Where is Helen, that she is not here?

WARD. She has—perished on board the Proserpine! (*general emotion.*)
(*Music till end, tremolo.*)

ARTHUR. The Proserpine! impossible. She was to come by the Shannon. Speak, speak, Wylie! Why don't you deny this?

WYLIE (*speaking with difficulty*). She was the sick girl—aboard the cutter.

ARTHUR. Then she is lost, lost! Ah, if she has perished, it is all my work! (*falls in arms of WARDLAW. PENFOLD crosses up for tumbler of water.*)

WARD. Give me some water! (*strikes bell.*)

Enter ATKINS, D. in F.

Send for a doctor. (*ATKINS exit D. in F., but returns instantly*) Give me the water.

ATKINS and CLERKS appear at D. in F., NANCY enters there.

Stand back, give him air!

ARTHUR. Ah! (*tears at his cravat*) I stifle! away! it feels like the rope (*swoons.*)

	*ATKINS.	*CLERK.	
*WYLIE.		*NANCY.	
		*ARTHUR.	
*PENFOLD.		*WARDLAW.	*ROLLESTON.
R. C.		C.	L. C.

ATKINS, CLERK, PENFOLD, frightened, NANCY surprised, looks at WYLIE, WYLIE, hanging his head in shame and horror. ARTHUR fainted in arms of WARDLAW, looking down in his face. ROLLESTON hanging his head, nearly swooning. Music.

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Island in six grooves. Gas down L. and R. 1 and 2 E.*

Enter, L. 3 E., HELEN, to R. C.

HELEN. What a fright I must look to be sure. I have the breakfast ready, and now for my toilet. (*goes up to hut, gets comb, and goes up to C., 3 E. line*) What time is it? the sun is nearly on the horizon. I hope the strong wind of last night has not broken any of my favorite flower-bushes.

(*Voice of ROBERT PENFOLD L. 2 E.*) Miss Rolleston!

HELEN. You can't come in. (*combing her hair*) Oh how rough the sea-air does make my hair—I can hardly get a comb through it. (*arranges her hair*) You may come in now. (*comes down.*)

Enter, L. 2. E., ROBERT.

ROBERT. Good morning, Miss Rolleston. I hope the storm of last night did not disturb you?

HELEN. Not in the least. After the scenes of real peril that we braved in the open boat, I am insensible to any but the greatest dangers. I see that the wind has blown down the signal you put up for passing vessels. And the thunder at times sounded like the guns of a ship in distress. Oh, I am sure that I shall often regret the charming days we have spent together on this island, when we shall be again home in England. Oh, I am sure to think of you then; what would have become of me, a poor, weak girl, if it had not been for your strength and courage? Your courage, that came to the aid of mine? your strength that supported and defended me when I had most need of it?

ROBERT (*aside*). What will become of me when she is away in England? where will my strength and courage be, when all that is good in myself shall have gone with her?

HELEN. But while I am chattering here, your breakfast is being spoilt. (*going R. 2 E.*)

ROBERT. Stay. (*shakes his head*) I have no appetite to-day.

HELEN. My cookery cannot tempt you? Alas, why was I not born a servant-of-all-work, so that I might have been useful and not a burden to you?

ROBERT. What will become of me when my burden "shall have gone?"

HELEN. Why you will return to England with me?

ROBERT. That is impossible. (*HELEN surprised greatly*) I am an out-cast of the laws—I am only safe here.

HELEN (*quickly*). Of what cri—offence are you accused? Stay, I am unjust. I have no right to ask that.

ROBERT. Enough that I am bearing the penalty of another's crime.

HELEN. But you shall be relieved of this. My first steps shall be to induce my affianced husband to procure a lessening of your sentence. Yes, a pardon, I will require Arthur Wardlaw to obtain for you.

ROBERT. My pardon from Arthur Wardlaw? (*fiercely*) He is my bitterest foe!

HELEN. Arthur Wardlaw your bitterest foe? Oh, why do you look so pale? You never told me this before.

ROBERT. I tell it now, because if left untold, you would never know it. The signal that you thought the wind had blown down, was lowered by my hand. The thunder that you heard was that of guns. A Spanish brig has been lying off the island all night, and a boat's crew are now on shore. You can go to England now, while I must remain. Tell Arthur Wardlaw how Robert Penfold guarded his promised bride—the girl that I love!—and then ask him, as you asked me just now, "why he looks so pale?"

[*Bass drum beat, repeated diminuendo, for gun.*]

HELEN (*aside*). Robert Penfold! Robert!

ROBERT. There goes the gun that calls the boat's crew aboard. You have dear friends in England! your father—

HELEN. Ah! you are cruel to remind me of him.

ROBERT (*takes up torch*). Here is a brand—there is not a moment to lose to light the signal. (*ship to c.*)

HELEN. Give me the brand. (*takes torch*.)

ROBERT. It is even now not too late. She will return. (*ship to L. c., HELEN stings torch off to L. 3 E.*) What do you mean? (*crosses to L. c.*)

HELEN (*to R. c.*). Do you not see that I love you? (*both hands out.*)

ROBERT. Ah! (*ship off at end of island.*) My Helen! (*embrace*) may I call you Helen?

HELEN. Yes, yes.

ROBERT. There goes the ship that might have taken you from me.

HELEN. Do you regret? (*embrace.*)

Music—Scene closes in quick.

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Villa, in first grooves. Gas up.*

Enter, L., JOE WYLIE, slowly to D. in F., WYLIE pulls bell, comes front, pauses, returns to bell, pulls again, waits, L. C. Enter NANCY, D. in F., tartly.)

NANCY. You're a pretty man! If you try again, perhaps you will have the door down. Oh! you is it? What do you want?

WYLIE. Oh, Nancy! (*turns up his eyes*) Don't be hard on me.

NANCY. I ought to have been harder yet long ago. You have your answer. Go.

WYLIE. I've come to see the young master.

NANCY. You can't see him, and what's more, you shan't see him. He is only just able to move about yet, and the sight of your ugly face would put him back altogether. Poor young gentleman! I've nursed him through it all, though it was so painful to hear him calling out how he loved her! how he had himself lost his own Helen.

WYLIE. How was I to know that she was his Helen?

NANCY. It was a woman, that was enough! Oh, I suppose you were too busy saving your own ugly carcass to think of anybody else.

WYLIE. There was no room in the long boat for her.

NANCY. There was room enough for you, wasn't there? and that was one too many! I won't have anything to do with a man that would let a woman go under the water right under his very eyes.

WYLIE. Oh, Nancy! Now, Nancy!

NANCY. No, no! (*work up a quarrel, by repeating these last two lines together quickly.*)

Enter, D. in F., ARTHUR.

ARTHUR (*in a weak voice*). Wylie, what are you doing here?

WYLIE. I came to see you, sir, (*in a whisper*) and I must! (*follows NANCY up to D. in F., to her*) Now, Nance!

NANCY. No, not if there wasn't another man in the world! (*slams D. in F. in his face. WYLIE comes down L. C. front.*)

ARTHUR (*C. front*). Well, Joe, well?

WYLIE. They have got some suspicions at Lloyd's that there was foul play about the Proserpine; they had me up afore the board, and they turned me inside out.

ARTHUR. What means this suspicion?

WYLIE. It's been started by some news from General Rolleston.

ARTHUR. Who sailed five months ago in the Springbok in search of his daughter.

WYLIE. I say, gov'nor, there's no likelihood of his fishing up any information with that ere 'Lantic Telegraph?

ARTHUR. Pool! pool! no, no!

WYLIE. There's no knowing what's what, with these scientific chaps.

ARTHUR. Where have you stowed away that gold brought up from Liverpool?

WYLIE. The boxes is in a house in Southwark—a house that they say is haunted, because of a horrid murder that was committed in the kitchen. I have got the cases there all snug.

ARTHUR. There let it lie and rot! I won't touch an ounce of it. (*cross R. front and return to C., passionately*) There's blood in the very color of it.

WYLIE. All right, gov'nor, if you say so.

ARTHUR. Since Helen's death, everything has smiled on me. I have retrieved all my errors and begun a new life.

WYLIE. Just as you like, gov'nor ; I've got my share all reg'lar.

ARTHUR. Your two thousand pounds ?

WYLIE. It makes me as miserable as you your half-a-million ! Here you are ! (*produces roll of bank-bills*) I can't sleep for them ! I've been carrying them around with me these three weeks—I don't know what to do with them. I daren't go anywhere to get a fifty-pound note changed, and they're all fifties ! I can't find anywhere to put them. If I can't get any rest with this lot under my pillow, how am I to sleep with half-a-million under me in the cellars ?

ARTHUR. (*to L. C.*). Hush, you fool ! (*WYLIE to R.*) Here comes my father !

Enter, L., WARDLAW, letter in hand.

WARDLAW. Good news, my son. A letter from Sir Edward Rolleston, from Valparaiso. "An American brig is just in port ; a wild duck alighted on her masts at sea, to which was attached a scroll, saying : Two survivors of the ship Proserpine are cast away on an island about five thousand miles west of Valparaiso."

WYLIE. That's it !

ARTHUR. Then she may be one— Oh, father !

WARD. Be calm. I hope it. But when one thinks of their perils, a young and delicate girl is likely to have succumbed—

ARTHUR. No ! I feel that she lives—something tells me that I shall see her again.

WARD. I will at once send this to the underwriters at Lloyds. Wylie, I shall want you to take it.

WYLIE. All right, sir.

WARD. I will enclose it in an envelope.

[*Exit D. in F.*]

ARTHUR. What good news. I am all joy again.

WYLIE. No, sir, it's not good news ! it is bad news. We have got all our work to do over again.

ARTHUR. What do you mean ?

WYLIE. Why, sir, there wasn't one of the four seamen in the cutter that knew how to write ! One of them two that is saved must be the missionary chap.

ARTHUR. A missionary ? (*sneering*) We'll soon manage him.

WYLIE. He's no more a missionary than you are—he's a convict—

ARTHUR. Then he can be bought.

WYLIE. You don't know who he is yet. This one can't be bought or bribed. He is your deadliest foe. He is the man you transported for forgery. He is Robert Penfold.

ARTHUR. Penfold ! (*amazed*)

WYLIE. And he loves her ! stand up to it gov'nor. (*supports ARTHUR*) You will need all your coolness and calmness now ; hold up your head, gov'nor, hold up your head..

ARTHUR. Are you sure it is he ? (*WYLIE nods*) Oh, where is he now ?

WYLIE. Calm yourself. This is a regular taking-back, but meet it, sir, meet it ! Don't look so pale.

ARTHUR. Worse than I could have feared ! leave me, Wylie. (*at D. in F.*) I am sick at heart ! (*Exit D. in F., repeating*) Sick at heart, sick at heart ! (*closes door in WYLIE'S face.*)

WYLIE (*to L. C., front, long breath.*) Whew ! (*wipes his forehead with handkerchief carried inside of hat*) So am I ! foul play comes to the top

like a cork! If it weren't for Nance here, I'd start for New York to-night. That gal will be the ruin of me! That's the way with them!

[Exit L.]

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Forest in first grooves, run on or let down, if a canvas drop, before previous set. Gas down half-turn.*

Enter, L. to c., ROBERT, leaning on HELEN, and on cane in other hand.

HELEN. How do you feel now?

ROBERT. I am much better.

HELEN. But not well? not quite well yet?

ROBERT. The fever has left me very weak.

HELEN. I do not hope you shall soon recover your strength, for it is some return for me to give you my support, if only in a walk.

ROBERT. I must get well again, if only to see to our signals for passing ships.

HELEN. Do you remember our compact?

ROBERT. That when one year should have gone, without there coming any vessel to take you off, I would have a right to claim this hand? Till the very last I should try, for now the moment is not properly come.

HELEN. When I made the promise, I made it eagerly to be fulfilled. I have nothing to do with the world now, least of all with Arthur Wardlaw.

ROBERT. Do not mention his name.

HELEN. You have never told me the cause of your enmity.

ROBERT. The time had not come—and now.

HELEN. No, not yet. When I am your wife. Not before. I do not wish to share your secrets before I have full right to share your sorrows and your joys. But hark! (*looks off R.*) Do you not hear? there must be some one on the island! how strangely the dog barks!

ROBERT. Some vulture has attacked your hens and chickens, and he is defending them. I will go quick and—

HELEN. No! after me! Remember, this day you're to love and obey, and your first act must not be one of disobedience. (*smiles, runs off R.*)

ROBERT. Shall I sully her pure mind with the story of the crime for which I have suffered? I am revenged on Arthur Wardlaw. No! I will keep it from her. I will bury the old past, and let my new life begin from to-day.

[Exit R., leaning on cane.]

Scene changes to

SCENE IV.—*Island as before. Gas down. Moonlight effect, revolving barrel c., 4th entrance under transparent canvas, for the shine on waves. Discover boat c., some sailors in it, some just stepped out. ROLLESTON up c., oar in hand.*

ROLLES. There, my lads, spread about over the island. They can't be far. (*several sailors exeunt L.*) Is my daughter one of the two? (*comes down c. after sailors exeunt L., slowly*) I do not dare to believe the hopes in my heart. What's here? A hut. (*crosses R.*) If my poor child— What's this? (*in hut*) a watch, her watch! "Arthur to Helen!" his present. Stav! do not let me hope too much! another may have worn it.

(*Voice of HELEN off L.*). Where is he?

Runs on L. 2 E., followed by several SAILORS, who remain L.

HELEN. Where is he? (*stops L.*)

ROLLES. Helen! (c.)

HELEN. Father!

ROLLES. My child! (HELEN runs into his arms.)

HELEN. Do I see you! (*hysterical sob*) Oh, oh, oh! (SAILORS talk among themselves with emotion.)

ROLLES. Helen! if your joy is like mine, this moment must repay you for all the sufferings you have experienced.

HELEN. Sorrow for you and for others, but of sufferings there were none.

ROLLES. Where is the brave fellow to whom I owe your safety?

HELEN. The brave fellow, papa, is a gentleman.

ROLLES. I might have known he was no common man who (*laughing*) would dream of converting wild ducks into itinerant postmen.

Enter, L. 2 E., ROBERT, stopping there, leaving on cane.

HELEN. This is he, papa.

ROLLES. (*aside*). Surely I have seen that face before.

HELEN. You turn away your head. Father, this is the gentleman who saved me—

ROLLES. Leave us, lads. (SAILORS *exceunt* L.) The gentleman! You are the victim of some great deceit, my child. Speak, Robert Penfold! eight years ago were you not tried at the Old Bailey and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude—

HELEN. A convict!

ROLLES. Deceived by his pretended submission and repentant demeanour, I granted him a remission of his sentence, and he repaid my lenience by breaking his parole.

HELEN (*to ROBERT*) Is this true?

ROBERT. Every word; I do not deny it.

HELEN. I will not believe it. A martyr you may have been, a felon you cannot be! (*to ROBERT, offering hand.*)

ROBERT. Heaven bless you for the words! what the wits of twelve men could not find out, with a whole bench of judges to enlighten them, a simple girl has divined.

ROLLES. What is that?

ROBERT. The truth.

ROLLES. (*coldly*). I have no desire to enter into a discussion with you.

HELEN. Father, why do you speak to him so coldly? Have you already forgotten that he has saved and preserved me?

ROLLES. Cunning calculation! he foresaw this, and thought it would weigh in the scales of justice.

HELEN. Pay? was it for pay that he starved, that I might have the food that kept me living to this day? was it for pay that he shed his blood for me? The life that you gave me, has been snatched by him from the peril of cruel men, wild elements and hideous creatures! and it is doubly his now that I have to pay your debt with my own. (*embraces ROBERT.*)

ROLLES. Ah!

HELEN. I love him!

ROLLES. Helen; you forget you are going to marry Arthur Wardlaw.

HELEN (*turns with clasped hands from ROBERT to ROLLESTON and back again, tearfully*). What am I to do?

ROBERT. Obey your father! Sir, promise that your daughter shall never marry a felon.

ROLLES. That I will swear.

ROBERT. Then Arthur Wardlaw's she will never be. (*draws HELEN to him*) Listen to me, Helen. In our college days, I was Arthur Wardlaw's

tutor. I had hoped to save enough to buy me a small living. One day he came to my room, and showed me a note which he wished me to endorse. I knew nothing of these things. I presented it and was paid; half the money I kept, half went to him. Half-an-hour afterwards, I was arrested; the note was a forgery, the name was not signed by Arthur's father. He denied everything. I had no proofs. I was tried, convicted and sent out of England what I am.

ROLLES. This is a terrible accusation to bring against a man of unspotted character, sir.

ROBERT. Unspotted on the outside. But the man who begins life with a crime, rarely turns back from the path of guilt. The Proserpine was scuttled and lost at sea by his orders!

ROLLES. What proof have you?

ROBERT. Next to none.

ROLLES. Destroy a ship with a treasure on board—impossible!

ROBERT. I state facts, and do not reconcile discrepancies. I saw the gold stowed away, and that perplexes me. The survivors believed like me, but two of them are under the waves, and two of them lie in the shingle yonder. (*lifts his hat.*)

HELEN. But their dying words were taken down and witnessed by me. (*gets Bible R., and gives it to ROLLESTON.*)

ROLLESTON (*reads*). "I, Samuel Cooper, able-bodied seaman, being about to slip my cable and sail into the presence of my Maker, say, that it's my belief there was foul play with the old Proserpine. When she went down, I saw two auger holes in her side, about forty foot from her stern. She was destroyed wilful. It's my belief Joe Wylie scuttled that 'ere ship and cast away her people. SAM COOPER, his mark." "I say what Sam says. TOM WELCH, his mark." "Witness: HELEN ROLLESTON." Ah!

HELEN (*triumphantly*). What do you say now?

ROLLES. (*offers ROBERT his hand*). That I must believe in the truth.

ROBERT (*shaking hands warmly*). How welcome is the grasp of an honorable hand. I breathe again.

HELEN. I thank you too, my father. You will see him reinstated in his rights? He goes with us to England.

ROBERT. Stay! Your father knows my duty, and I will tell you his. As the governor of a penal settlement, he is bound to arrest me if I set foot on a British ship, and carry me in chains to English soil.

HELEN. You would stay here!

ROBERT. Here I am free. While I am here, you will be working for me in England as I have worked here for you; clear my good name, restore me to my old father as I have restored you to yours. Say farewell and go!

HELEN. Farewell! and you will remain alone?

ROBERT. I will remain here, but not alone! your spirit will hover near me, and all the objects you have touched will be companions in my solitude.

ROLLES. By Jove, but you are a noble fellow!

ROBERT. You must go!

SAILORS enter L. and C, form picture, some in boat, up C.

You take with you all that I live for, and I shall not be a feeling man till you come back.

HELEN. No! if we part now, we shall never meet again! (*clinging to ROBERT.*)

ROBERT. Courage!

HELEN. Oh, father! I cannot leave him!

ROBERT. You must! for my sake! for your father's! Go! Helen! let this kiss be the seal of our bond (*kisses her*) Go! Until you come back my heart ceases to beat. (*HELEN faints in his arms as he is about to transfer her to ROLLESTON.*)

All form picture.

ROLLESTON.* ***SAILORS.
*HELEN. *ROBERT

SLOW CURTAIN.

NOTE.—If curtain is called up, Helen is in Rolleston's arms, still fainted, in boat, Robert kneeling L. c., looking at her. sailors in boat about to shove her off towards R.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Room in country house, in fourth groove, discovering at L. table HELEN, BURTENSHAW, WARDLAW; at R. table, ARTHUR seated, HAWKINS standing, his overcoat thrown back, his note-book in hand.*

BURTENSHAW (*to WARDLAW*). Really, sir, I wish to proceed with all delicacy in this strange affair. (*gives paper to HELEN, who reads it.*)

HAWKINS. The lady will please sign the paper, if she has no objections?

HELEN. Oh, none, in the least. (*writes on paper and gives it to HAWKINS.*)

HAWKINS (*to ARTHUR*). As a magistrate, will you please sign this— (*pause, then emphatically*) affidavit?

ARTHUR (*starts*). Affidavit?

HAWKINS. Yes, sir. You'll find it all drawn out properly. I like to have these things complete and regular. (*ARTHUR reads paper and signs reluctantly, HAWKINS watching him.*)

BURT. (*to WARDLAW*). I am struggling for my home, sir.

WARD. (*to BURTENSHAW*). From the moment there is anything apparently wrong in the affair, we wash our hands of it. At the first proof of its reality, the money will be refunded to the underwriters of course. (*talks with BURTENSHAW.*)

HAWKINS (*blots and folds up paper*). Now I have got something to work upon. The depositions of the dying seamen Welsh and Cooper, with Miss Rolleston as witness, are quite to the purpose. The only other thing that puzzled me was where did the gold go that was stated to be aboard the Proserpine. (*Musing.*)

ARTHUR. That is clearly settled. It is gone to the bottom of the sea.

BURT. (*meaningly*). If not there, (*ARTHUR starts*) where did it go?

HAWKINS. Yes, if not there, where did it go? (*scratches his chin in thought, looking at ARTHUR.*)

ARTHUR (*laughs nervously*). How should I know? I didn't go with it— (*sneer*) did you?

HAWKINS (*quietly*). Well, sir, part of the way, sir.

ARTHUR. What do you mean?

HAWKINS. If you will allow me to refresh my memory (*opens his note-book*) I will have the pleasure of informing you.

ARTHUR. Proceed.

HAWKINS (*mumbling to himself*). Mum—mum—R—S—V—W. W. I like to have things complete and regular. Well, I find that Joe Wylie, mate of the Proserpine, disappeared from his lodgings on the twelfth of January last. He went to Liverpool and claimed certain cases marked copper, consigned to him per Shannon, and they were delivered on the fifth of last February.

ARTHUR. What does this prove?

BURT. We shall see.

HAWKINS. On the fifth of February. Well, sir, on the seventh of February he took them to London, and on the eighth they were removed by him from Euston-Square station. That, sir, is the part of the way that I went with the treasure.

WARD. But you said that those cases contained copper—

HAWKINS. I said they were *marked* "copper"—I like to have things complete and regular!

ARTHUR. A mare's nest!

HAWKINS. Then, sir, there can be no harm in it. Oh, sir, I've made my calculations. The cases were taken by measurement on the ship, here is the length, breadth and depth in the manifest—here it is, sir. I like to have things complete and regular. On the railway, they took them by weight. Look at here, sir. (*to ARTHUR, showing note-book*) If those cases had contained copper, they ought to have weighed about seventeen hundred weight—but they weighed nigh twenty-four hundred weight! Seven hundred weight too much! Now I should like to know what was in those cases to make that overplus.

WARD. Then your theory is that the cases marked copper really contained gold, while the gold cases were filled with copper and lost in the Proserpine.

HAWKINS. That does away with the absence of motive, sir. But there's one thing puzzles me. It is clear that the game is too big for a man like Wylie to be in it alone. He must be only the tool—the mere instrument of some abler designer. Hem! never mind. I dare say I shall light upon him soon. (*turns to ARTHUR sharply*) Here's the warrant, by-the-bye, (*ARTHUR starts back from the presented paper*) for the apprehension of Joseph Wylie. Would you please sign it?

ARTHUR (*recovering*). Warrant? Joseph Wylie is an old servant of our firm. We never had cause to suspect him. Really, such a proceeding on the part of a perfect stranger—

HAWKINS. Perfect stranger, oh, I see. Mr. Burtenshaw, will you please introduce me?

BURT. Captain Hawkins, of Scotland Yard. (*HELEN rises.*)

ARTHUR. Hawkins!

HAWKINS (*presents card to ARTHUR, and points at it with pencil*). "S. S." On secret service, sir.

WARD. Really, Mr. Burtenshaw, a police officer in my house in disguise—

HAWKINS. Oh, no disguise, sir! Mr. Burtenshaw would have it for fear of disturbing the ladies. I like to have things complete and regular myself.

BURT. (*to WARDLAW*). You must pardon me, Mr. Wardlaw. The loss of the Proserpine swept my little fortune from under me. I am fighting for my wife and home. I shall fight it out to the last, like a desperate, but honest man. (*goes up L. C. with WARDLAW, in talk, and then slowly goes off R. U. E. HELEN goes up and crosses to R. U. corner.*)

HAWKINS. You will sign this. (*ARTHUR slowly writes on paper*) Thank you. By the way, can you give me this Wylie's address?

ARTHUR. Really, I—I don't know—I think we heard from him last at Aberdeen—(HAWKINS has his note-book in hand) he took command of a ship from that port.

HAWKINS. Aberdeen?

ARTHUR. The owners wrote to us about the testimonial—

HAWKINS. Yes, yes—

ARTHUR (*impatiently*). Or something of that sort!

HAWKINS. Of that sort. Certainly. You don't happen to remember the name of his ship?

ARTHUR. Of course, not. Some of our clerks—

HAWKINS. Yes, yes, of course. (*closes book*) All right, sir. Aberdeen's enough for me. Good morning, sir! (*salutes HELEN*) Good morning, miss. [*Exit D. in R. 1 E., with glance over shoulder at ARTHUR.*]

ARTHUR (*rises angrily, but sees HELEN, who crosses to L. U. E.*). Helen! (*she stops*) don't go. (*HELEN comes down c., he on her L.*) I must speak with you. Helen, for the last few days you have seemed to avoid me. You shrink from me now, you hesitate to answer me.

HELEN. The first month that I was welcomed home to England, society received me as a heroine, the heroine of the wreck. But soon I felt the smiles of women, and I saw them draw away from me, from the girl who had spent a year alone on an island with an outcast man. I knew their thought. All believe me no fit companion for any man but one—the convict!

ARTHUR. Your susceptible mind, and tender heart, are wrong. I believe in no such suspicions.

HELEN. Yes!

ARTHUR. No!

HELEN. False! you do, you do! I did not come to your open arms because the arms of another man have been around my waist, my neck; I could not speak to you, hardly, for the words must pass through the lips that are still warm with his kiss.

ARTHUR. I can overlook a wild impulse of gratitude, in the greater depth of my love for you. How can you love him! Why, you were with him but for a few weeks, while you have known me all your life.

HELEN. He accuses you of the crime for which he bears the penalty. Swear that he has calumniated you—

ARTHUR (*hesitates*). I swear! (*crosses to L. front*) I swear. (*returns to c.*) What would not a man do for your sake?

HELEN. Yet I cannot believe that he—

ARTHUR. Need I prove it again?

HELEN. Remember that this man's good name can only be established at the cost of yours! Once he is set right, you are ruined for ever. Even now it may be too late! Robert Penfold has an agent of his in England, in the bosom of your family.

ARTHUR. An agent here? who?

HELEN. I!

ARTHUR. You! Helen!

Enter, R. 1 E. D., HAWKINS.

HAWKINS. I beg pardon for interrupting. (*R.*)

HELEN. None. I wanted you, sir. (*ARTHUR recovers his coolness*) Reflect, Arthur. For your own sake, for your father's, do not brave the certain disclosure of the truth. It is not too late, perhaps. I am glad I have at last thrown aside the terrible mask. Remember, if he is to come from his prison now, you must open the doors to him, not I! (*up c.*) Be kind enough to inform Mr. Wardlaw of what facts you have gathered

and the steps you have taken. (*bow, exit L. U. E.*) Good-morning. (*they salute her.*)

ARTHUR (*L. front*). Well, I am bewildered.

HAWKINS. I'm not surprised, sir. (*at C. front on ARTHUR'S L.*) Look here, sir; when I have to do with a simple-minded fellow, I play cunning, but when it's a leary, knowing man, I face him. The young lady's advice is good. Pack up your trunks.

ARTHUR. What have I to fear?

HAWKINS. There's no knowing, sir. (*goes up R. C. to let ARTHUR come to table*) Perhaps there may be some screw loose.

ARTHUR. I hope I am personally above suspicion. (*seated.*)

HAWKINS. Would you give me the address of Joe Wylie, sir?

ARTHUR. I know nothing about him, I tell you.

HAWKINS. Oh, you do not. Humph! (*presents letter*) I wonder if there's anything in this about him?

ARTHUR. How dare you meddle with my correspondence?

HAWKINS. Oh, no offence, sir. I saw it lying on the hall table as I passed in. I saw it was in Wylie's hand.

ARTHUR. Sir!

HAWKINS. Oh, yes, I have a bit of his writing with me, and I compared them. I like to have things complete and regular. (*Music. Leans on back of ARTHUR'S chair as ARTHUR reads letter*) So you won't give me Wylie's address? (*ARTHUR makes a sign of impatience, HAWKINS looks at him, smiles, goes up C. a few steps, looks around, comes down, taps ARTHUR on left shoulder*) Never mind, sir. I learn he was seen in Southwark—(*ARTHUR starts and puts his hand over letter*) I'll find him. Pack up your trunks, Mr. Arthur Wardlaw! (*goes up a few steps, pauses, scratches his chin thoughtfully, shakes his head, and slowly goes off L. U. E.*)

ARTHUR. That man evidently suspects something. He has a clue to Wylie's retreat. I must go to London and force the fellow to leave the country. What can they bring home to me? Nothing. Wylie has been alone in it from first to last. Let me see, let me see. (*pause*) No, no, nothing. Let Helen suspect me. Once she is my wife, I need care little for her secret thoughts. I will beat them yet! (*rises, to C.*) Wylie must take it all on his shoulders, and then I shall have rest. Rest! I am so weary now of the continual struggle. (*seated L.*) Giddy, weary to heart-breaking. Oh! how my head burns! how it burns! (*head falls on his arms on table.*)

Scene closes in quick.

SCENE II.—*Street in first grooves. Gas down.*

Enter, D. in F., NANCY, looks off R. and L., then returns to D. in F.

NANCY. It's all right, Joe. Not a soul in sight! You can come out now.

Enter, D. in F., JOE, in hat and long coat, very uneasily.

There's nothing for you to be frightened of.

WYLIE. Nance, I want you to pack up and get ready to go with me.

NANCY. Move again, when I have hardly settled down in this house?

WYLIE. You must. There's danger for me here. I'm sure the place is watched. I tell you what, you be ready to go out in the morning. I'll call for you, and we'll go to the Register's first thing and be married. (*NANCY claps her hands.*) Yes. I've got a nice place for us up at Hoxton.

NANCY. Have you?

WYLIE. With a back entrance on the canal. Oh, a much livelier place than this—oh! (*looks l.*)

NANCY. What! (*catches him.*)

WYLIE. A—a—p—p—policeman!

NANCY. No! it's the pillar-post.

WYLIE. It give me such a turn. Whenever I catch sight of one of them land-marines in blue, it gives me a small attack of the cholera.

NANCY. But policemen don't take people up for debt, Joe.

WYLIE. Oh, they are not pertickler.

NANCY. Joe, look me in the face! (*business of JOE turning his face every other way till NANCY holds it between her hands.*)

WYLIE. I am looking.

NANCY. You have not been doing anything to be afraid of, have you? tell me!

WYLIE. Only speculating, that's all Nancy. Getting a fortune for you—

NANCY. Poor Joe! (*pats his head.*)

WYLIE. Poor old Joe! So I am to expect you to be ready bright and early in the morning.

NANCY. If you ain't deceiving me.

WYLIE. Oh!

NANCY. For I am the woman to stick to him that I love, as long as he tells me all he does—that's my sort.

WYLIE. Oh, Nance!

NANCY. You shall have a kiss to dream over till morning. (*tries to open WYLIE'S beard*) Why, where's your face?

WYLIE. Here it is, Nance!

NANCY. Never mind. I'll give it to you next time. (*up R. c.*)

WYLIE. Oh, Nance now!

NANCY. Good night!

[*Exit D. in F., laughing.*]

WYLIE (*alone*). She's a good lass! she's worth her weight in go—in go—(*by an effort*) old! (*coughs*) Cussed stuff! It's blood-money! I wonder what she'd say if she knew I wasn't poor at all? Ah! she little knows that I am living all alone in this old house next door, when I come to her every evening with three-penn'orth of ham, to talk with her over our poverty and troubles. I'll be plaguey glad to get away from here, somewhere where I can enjoy my two thousand. There's suspicious characters prowling about, and I'm downright anxious. (*looks off R.*)

Enter, L., HAWKINS and DETECTIVE.

HAWKINS. You are sure that's the girl?

DETECTIVE. I am sure, sir.

[*Exit R., when WYLIE looks after him uneasily.*]

HAWKINS (*touches WYLIE on left shoulder and he starts*). I say, my friend, you seem sweet in that quarter!

WYLIE (*altered voice*). What's that to you?

HAWKINS. She's a sweetheart of my friend's there. (*points off R.*)

WYLIE. A sweetheart of—

HAWKINS. Him, Joe Wylie!

WYLIE (*starts*). Eh?

HAWKINS. Haven't you seen an ugly chap prowling about here—a man taller than you, (*WYLIE bends both knees*) and perhaps ten years younger? (*WYLIE crooks his back like a decrepit old man.*)

WYLIE. Oh, is he?

HAWKINS. Perhaps you can assist me in this little matter. Couldn't

you get the girl to give you this Joe Wylie's address. I'll warrant he would not trouble you any more.

WYLIE (*aside*). What's his little game? I never set eyes on the beggar afore!

HAWKINS. You see, I am a detective officer.

WYLIE (*alarmed*). A detective. (*aloud*) Now, look here, master, you may be only for getting me into trouble between this Wylie and Nancy there.

HAWKINS. He won't trouble you, I say. And how's she to know?

WYLIE. Let me have your address then?

HAWKINS (*gives card*). There it is. Hawkins, Scotland Yard.

WYLIE. Thank 'ee. Well, you go back to your yard and wait there till you hear from me! (*going R.*)

HAWKINS (*L., note-book out*). By the way, I forget your name?

WYLIE. Walker!

[*Exit R.*

HAWKINS. All right. (*writes*) I like to have things complete and regular!

[*Exit L.*

Scene changes to

SCENE III.—*Interior of houses, in third grooves. Candle burning on R. table. Gas down. Discovering NANCY in R. room, packing box R. side.*

NANCY. Well, I'm not sorry that Joe wants me to leave this shocking old place. (*rises, goes up*) Nothing but ugly house-tops and cracked chimney-pots to be seen. And next door to a haunted house, too! (*turns her back to L., seated at table*) Full of all kinds of strange noises. For all Joe says I am a fool, and that it is the rats, I know better! There is something like steps upon the floor every night. Well, I'm going away to-morrow, thank goodness! It makes me feel so uneasy though, late at night.

WYLIE *opens L. D., and slowly enters.*

There! just like the sound of a key in the lock! (*listens. WYLIE comes to c.*) There again, like steps across the floor! Oh! it ain't rats! and the wind don't wear heavy boots.

WYLIE. What did that fellow want stopping me in the street? The place is getting too warm. (*sits on bed*) I have written to Mr. Arthur Wardlaw to come here to-night, and given him the key to get in.

NANCY. There! it's all quiet in there now. The house is haunted, I am sure. What a dreadful thing to be living alone! However, to-morrow I'll have Joe come not to go away from me again. How strange it is. When he was rich, I didn't care for him; but now that he is poor, I'd do anything for him. Ah! if I only had ten thousand pounds! or even two thousand! (*joyfully*) I'd pay all his debts! (*knock, off L.*) I'd rig him out in new clothes! (*knock off L.*)

WYLIE (*starts to his feet*). Knocking at the door! and he had the key! It's the police! I hear steps! I'm caught in a trap! the bank-notes will be found on me! Oh! I must hide them. (*runs about*) Oh, I know, the chimbley! (*goes to fireplace*) there's a brick loose to come out. (*hides roll of bills in chimney; L. D. tried, then knock at it*) They are here! But that's all right.

(*Voice of ARTHUR L. D.*) Wylie, open! it is I.

WYLIE (*joyfully*). The guv'nor! (*unlocks L. D. Music, forte.*)

Enter ARTHUR, L. P.

WYLIE. What a fright you gave me!

NANCY. There is speaking now! (*takes up candle, goes to fireplace, discovers roll of notes fallen through, while WYLIE seats himself on bed, ARTHUR on stool**) Eh! (*knocks candle on floor*) Oh! bank-notes! as I'm a living woman! (*counts bills.*)

ARTHUR. The police are on your track. You must change your residence—

WYLIE. I'll leave this to-night. Hark! (*NANCY laughs.*)

ARTHUR. What!

WYLIE. I thought I heard something. There's all kinds of noises about this old place—it clean worries my life out.

NANCY. Eight hundred and fifty—nine hundred—

WYLIE. It's the money you give me that troubles me. I don't know what to do with it. If I could only tell Nance. But I've thought of fifty ways of showing it to her, without hitting upon one.

ARTHUR. It is here you have the gold?

WYLIE. Yes, in the cellars.

ARTHUR. Are there no fears that it will be discovered by the police?

WYLIE. No! I got it here by dark, and I have it housed in a place I found by accident. I was feeling about, when I struck a part of the wall that sounded hollow. I pushed it through and found an archway leading to a flight of stairs. I went down them and found an iron door, with the rusty old key sticking in the lock. I opened that and was in a vault, low, dark, and damp. There I stowed away the cases. I believe when the tide of the Thames is high, it overflows the place.

ARTHUR. Let it stay there. My future wife can't, she shan't touch an ounce of it.

WYLIE. That's worse than with my money. Mine can, but she won't touch it!

NANCY (*going to table, laughing*). Two thousand pounds!

WYLIE (*starts*). Eh!

ARTHUR. What?

WYLIE (*rises*). Did you speak?

ARTHUR. I? no! what!

WYLIE. Somebody said, "Two thousand pounds." (*goes about*) It sounded as if it come from up the chimbley! (*they whisper together and exeunt L. D., cautiously.*)

Enter, R. D., HAWKINS.

HAWKINS. Good evening!

NANCY. Oh! I know what you want!

HAWKINS. Do you indeed?

NANCY. You want Joe Wylie. You come for him for debt. You shall be paid. Here is two thousand pounds—

HAWKINS. Two thousand pounds?

NANCY. Two thousand! count it!

HAWKINS. Thank 'ee I will! and all in fifty pound notes! (*NANCY smiles and nods, while HAWKINS refers to his note-book*) The numbers run from 150 to 190 both inclusive. (*puts up note-book*) Which one of your lovers gave you this for your pretty face?

NANCY. Oh, you won't believe me when I tell you!

HAWKINS. I daresay not!

NANCY. It came down the chimney from the haunted house.

HAWKINS. Oh, come now!

NANCY. Yes! (*explains in pantomime, during following.*)

Enter, L. D., WYLIE and ARTHUR.

WYLIE. There was no one.

ARTHUR. It's agreed then that you will write to old Penfold.

WYLIE. What'll I write? That I did it all and nobody else had a hand in? All right, gov'nor. Here you are, you've got the key, you'll find the gold below, safe in stock, every ounce of it—I'll walk out and you'll be in possession.

HAWKINS (*to NANCY*). The hand came down the chimney, you say?

NANCY. Yes. (*nods.*)

ARTHUR. And you'll leave the country—

WYLIE. The sooner the better.

ARTHUR. At once then—

WYLIE. But I can take Nancy.

ARTHUR. Her or another. (*WYLIE to L. D.*) Write out the confession of your guilt and give it to Penfold. I will get you some bank stock that you can get gold for at New York. Wait for me here.

[*Exit L. D.*

WYLIE. Now I'll go and get my money. (*to fireplace.*)

NANCY. Oh! there's something in the chimney! Don't let it come near me! it's the ghost! (*WYLIE'S hand through the partition is seen feeling about.*)

WYLIE. I am sure I put it somewhere here!

HAWKINS (*puts one of pair of handcuffs on NANCY.*) Don't be afraid!

NANCY. Oh, what is this?

HAWKINS. Handcuff. All safe. (*puts WYLIE'S hand in other cuff.*)

WYLIE. Oh! what's that!

[*Exit HAWKINS, R. D.*

NANCY. Oh! (*struggle, bricks fall.*) Eh! oh, Joe! is that you?

WYLIE. Nancy!

NANCY. It's Hawkins! he has chained us together, and has gone around.

WYLIE. Hawkins! The chimbley's old, the bricks are loose! pull 'em out on your side. (*they clear the door in partition of the built-up bricks*) He's a-coming up stairs! Oh! (*gets through, NANCY pulls him up to table, picks up her things, WYLIE sweeps up the bank-bills, exeunt R. D.*)

HAWKINS *enters L. D., pauses, sees hole, passes through to R. D.*

Scene closes in quick.

SCENE IV.—*Room in first grooves. Gas up.*

Enter, L., NANCY and WYLIE, in the handcuffs as in last scene.

NANCY. Oh! I thought I should have died!

WYLIE. It's nearly killed me!

NANCY. I am ready to drop. Support me. Put your arms around me.

WYLIE. It can't be done. (*comic business throughout with each forgetting the handcuffs and putting up their hands too freely*) When old Michael comes in, he'll get a file and separate us. (*knock off L.*) Here he is!

NANCY. No, he would have his key.

WYLIE. Then it's Hawkins! (*business of dragging NANCY about in fright.*)

NANCY. Here's a closet.

WYLIE. Hide me away! put me anywhere! (NANCY and he exeunt D. in F.)

(Voice of SERVANT, L.) This way if you please, miss. (shows in HELEN in bonnet and lace mantle, L.)

HELEN. So this is Mr. Penfold's retreat. (to R.) These are his books.

SERVANT. The old gentleman won't let anybody dust them but his ownself, miss. (L.)

HELEN (R.). Surely this is Robert's portrait—taken when he was young, but yet so like.

Enter, L., MICHAEL PENFOLD. SERVANT whispers to him.

PENFOLD. A lady to see me. It must be Nancy. [*Exit SERVANT, L.*]

HELEN. Don't you know me? Miss Rolleston.

PEN. Mr. Arthur's intended. I hope nothing has gone wrong?

HELEN (*very smilingly throughout*). No! but an old wrong will be righted. You know how I was saved and sheltered while cast away on that desert island?

PEN. Oh, yes, we heard all about it in the office.

HELEN. But what you did not hear was that the brave man who exposed his life for me so many times, was your son.

PEN. My son! (HELEN helps him to seat up c.)

HELEN. Yes, your son. He sent me home to prepare you for his coming, to remove the stain upon his name, to labor for him as a loving wife should! for he loves me, and I love him! and, in token, here is what he left on my lips for you! (*kisses PENFOLD, he takes her hands wonderingly.*)

PEN. Really, Miss Helen! my son! I will find my son again!

HELEN. And a daughter!

PEN. But you are my young master's promised?

HELEN. Never more. Your son has borne the shame that should have been his too long not to deserve the joy that he hoped for, if one.

PEN. How is this?

HELEN. Not his only misdeed. It was by his orders that the Proserpine was destroyed by her mate Joseph Wylie.

PEN. Wylie did this? Poor Nancy! she has been good to me, and I am sorry for her. She loved him, and this will break her heart.

HELEN. When she learns what a wretch he is?

PEN. Nancy is but a poor ignorant girl, and when she finds the man that she loves accused, she will stick all the closer to him!

HELEN. I know her better than you, and I am confident that she will cast him off forever.

Enter, D. in F., NANCY, dragging WYLIE, still in handcuffs.

NANCY. You are right, miss. I will never have anything to do with the good-for-nothing fellow any more! (R. C.)

PEN. Wylie! (HELEN comes to L. of PENFOLD, seated.)

NANCY. Hang your head! (*jerk to handcuff*) I'm more ashamed than ever to be connected with you. I hope they'll have no mercy on you, that I do! That's what you got the money for, is it? speak out!

WYLIE. I am a speaking out.

NANCY. Well?

WYLIE (*head hanging*). Well, yes, I scuttled the ship!

ALL. Oh!

HELEN. The wretch, Wardlaw!

WYLIE. Come now, miss, don't be too hard upon Mr. Arthur. He did

it, sure enough, by my hands, but he did it all out of love for you, as I did it all along of Nance here!

NANCY. No! you're not to bring me into your villainy!

WYLIE. Now, look a' here, miss. What's done can't be undone. Mr. Arthur has behaved very well to me, and if so be as you're going to haul me up before the court about it, I'll swallow all I've said agin him, every word on it! Depend upon it, it's much better to hush it up atween yourselves.

HELEN. As long as Robert Penfold's innocence is made manifest to all the world, I don't care what becomes of Arthur Wardlaw! (*contemptuously*) As for you, Mr. Wylie, I forgive you truly!

WYLIE. Oh, miss!

NANCY. Down on your knees! and thank Miss Helen for forgiving you! (*pulls WYLIE down on his knees.*)

WYLIE. And I won't get up from here unless you forgive me, too. You can't get away till I get up, so forgive me (*NANCY nods*). There! (*rises*) Get me a file, Michael, till we get out of these things.

PEN. I'll go for one.

[*Exit L. D., with HELEN.*]

WYLIE. So you have forgiven me, Nance—

NANCY. No, I never—

WYLIE. Why, only for you I wouldn't have made a clean breast of the thing—

NANCY. Oh! am I to be the bribe for your goodness?

WYLIE. Any way as long as I get you!

NANCY. I'll not!

WYLIE. Just this time!

NANCY. Yes, then! But I'll keep this (*lifts handcuffed left hand*) hanging over your head all your life! And now you know what you'll have when you marry me!

[*Exit L., with WYLIE.*]

SERVANT *enters L., crosses and exit R., removing chair.*

Scene changes to

SCENE V.—*Cellars in third grooves. Gas down. Very dark. Lights in house down, three-quarter turn. Music, tremolo on bass notes, throughout. Light seen through cracks in L. D. Then enter ARTHUR, with candle, L. D. He comes down c., then goes to R., then to c., holding the candle up high, etc. See to L. D., left open by him, to be drawn nearly shut by invisible wire during following.*

ARTHUR. Ah! good! here are all the cases. What a dismal place! It strikes cold to my very heart. Oh! (*in great horror*) Merciful Heaven! (*rushes to L. D., which has closed, and opens it, leans on it, exhausted*) If that door had closed, with the key on the out-side, no one would have heard me, and I would have been buried alive (*leaves the door open and comes to c. again*) amid this gold! It would have seemed retribution! (*wipes his forehead with trembling hand*) Footsteps above! (*calls L. D.*) Wylie! is it you? I am here!

Enter, L. D., WYLIE.

Have you seen old Penfold? (*candle up c.*)

WYLIE (*at c. on ARTHUR'S L.*). Yes, I told him all.

ARTHUR. You told him—you did not put it in writing! What possessed you to do that?

WYLIE. I thought you might have found a new scheme by this time. (*to R. of ARTHUR.*)

ARTHUR. What do you mean?

WYLIE. I don't know. (*change of manner to bolder one*) Look here, guv'nor, it's all up. I've made a clean breast of it! It's what we both ought to have done long ago.

ARTHUR. The reason is, you do not want to go abroad.

WYLIE. The reason is I want to sheer off from what we're running on. If we are took, it will be penal servitude. Ugh! There's only one way out of it. Let 'em know all. Get it off your stomach, guv'nor—you'll be the better for it, depend upon it! You will, you will!

ARTHUR. So your mind's made up. Ruined! (*sees L. D.*) Ah! (*in sudden joy.*)

WYLIE. I say, guv'nor, don't take on like this here! don't! be a man! Do the right thing. Give up the girl!

ARTHUR. Never! (*walks up and down nervously*) Never! (*in an imploring tone*) But I say, you don't mean that you will not go abroad?

WYLIE. Don't ask me again to go, guv'nor. Don't cut up rough! I can't!

ARTHUR. Well, you want to make me confess whether I will or no! Be it so.

WYLIE. I knew you'd come round to my way of thinking, guv'nor.

ARTHUR. Hark!

WYLIE. What?

ARTHUR. Footsteps above! (*takes up candle.*)

WYLIE. It can't be!

ARTHUR. Hush! wait, I tell you! [*Exit L. D., cautiously, but shuts it and locks it after him.*]

WYLIE (*unconcerned*). What's that? What did I hear? He's shut the door behind him. What did he do that for? (*suddenly hoarse scream*) Ah! (*rushes to L. D.*) villain! cold-blooded murderous villain! (*staggers to c.*) He has left me here to die. Buried amidst this gold, I shall die of hunger—of hunger like the men in the boat on the ocean. (*hides his face with hands a moment*) No one knows that I am here, I shall die all alone, alone! (*falls on box c., facing R.*) alone! (*bows his head.*)

HAWKINS (*rises, on up side of boxes R. C., turns dark lantern on WYLIE.*) Not quite alone, Mr. Wylie.

WYLIE. Ah! Hawkins! (*light of lantern on both.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Same as Scene first, Act III. Gas up.*

Discover VALET, R., WARDLAW, L., by table, R. side of it, looking at open book. ROLLESTON up c.

WARDLAW. Has Mr. Arthur returned yet?

VALET. Not yet, sir.

WARD. Tell him I wish to speak with him the instant he comes in.

VALET. Very well, sir.

[*Exit R. D.*]

WARD. These false entries terminate about one year ago. They are well done—calculated to deceive any one of less practised eye than me. Yet no one but my son and Mr. Penfold have access to these books.

ROLLES. (*meaningly*) The younger Penfold is a convict.

WARD. I did not think of that. The son was a forger—the father may be as bad as the son. No! I can't believe it. Where is Arthur? his return will put an end to this uncertainty.

Enter VALET, R. D.

Well, is he here?

VALET. No, sir. A strange gentleman wishes to speak with you.

WARD. Show him in. (VALET bows, opens R. D.)

Enter, R. D., ROBERT PENFOLD, hat in hand.

ROBERT (*to ROLLESTON*). A passing ship touched at the island, I could not resist the temptation. I beg you to let me see her! [*Exit VALET, R. D.*]

ROLLES. Robert Penfold!

ROBERT. I could not remain longer. Let me see her—let me at least breathe the same air as she!

WARD. Of whom are you speaking, sir?

ROLLES. (*sternly*). Of my daughter.

WARD. Of my son's bride?

ROBERT. And my affianced wife.

ROLLES. (*sternly*). Mr. Penfold, is this the way you keep your parole? Leave the house on the instant!

WARD. No! I forbid you to depart. If you attempt to escape I will call my servants to arrest you. Go in there. (*points R. D.*)

ROBERT. I await your orders, (*to ROLLESTON, tenderly*) and obey yours. (*to R. D., bowing.*)

VALET (*at R. D.*). This way, sir. [*Exit, with ROBERT, R. D.*]

WARD. (*aside*). Robert Penfold here, and at such a time. It is enough to distract me.

Enter, L. U. E., HELEN and MICHAEL PENFOLD, coming down L.

PENFOLD. (*to HELEN*). My old master! I have not the heart to inform him.

HELEN. Courage! I beg you to be firm! (*with ROLLESTON up C.*)

WARD. Michael, come here. (PENFOLD L. *side of L. C. table*) You have been in our house for years, and, I believe, have been faithful to me and mine?

PEN. I have tried to be so, sir.

WARD. You see these books. They were kept by you?

PEN. Of course, sir.

WARD. You are responsible for their condition?

PEN. Yes, sir, yes!

WARD. (*pointing on book*). Do you see this entry? (PENFOLD *puts on his spectacles, agitated*) Look well, you see it? Fraudulent, is it not? Is it your writing? Don't tremble, but speak!

PEN. This is—is not my handwriting—but it is very like—so is this—why! the whole page is a forgery!

WARD. Ah! (*emotion.*)

Enter, R. D., ARTHUR.

ARTHUR. I have not kept any one waiting? Ah, Sir Edward.

WARD. Arthur, a serious discovery has been made. Our books have been tampered with—

ARTHUR. Our books wrong? impossible. The balances are all right!

WARD. Now, but not a year ago. Arthur, give me your word that it is not you who have made our books a mass of frauds.

ARTHUR. You suspect me—I don't understand—

HELEN (*to ARTHUR*). Spare your father the whole of the pain. Your only hope is in that.

PEN. Too late! Wylie has confessed.

ARTHUR. Wylie! What has he confessed, pray?

PEN. That he destroyed the Proserpine by your orders!

ARTHUR. He is capable of it.

HELEN (*to ARTHUR*). The net is drawing closer around you. Fly while you may!

ARTHUR (*shakes her off*). The fellow accuses me. Where is he? why not produce him?

(*Voice of WYLIE*). Here he is!

WYLIE enters D. in F., followed closely by NANCY and HAWKINS.*

ARTHUR. Wylie, here? (R.)

WYLIE (*coming down c.*). Wylie, whom you confined in the vaults with the gold, safe as you thought! dead, as you reckoned!

HAWKINS. But you reckoned without me, sir!

ARTHUR. What means the man? (*crosses to L. c.*)

WYLIE. Why, you are never going to deny that you wanted me to take all the guilt of scuttling the Proserpine on myself, and that you shnt me up when you found I wouldn't do it?

ARTHUR. When was all this?

WYLIE. Why, last night.

ARTHUR. Last night I met you? (*smiling*) You must be mad!

WYLIE. And locked me in the vaults—

ARTHUR. You are dreaming.

HAWKINS. No, he's not, sir.

WYLIE (*to HAWKINS*). You know what I say is true?

HAWKINS. Of course, I do. I was there all the time, heard every word between you. I told you, sir, I'd do the thing complete and regular!

ARTHUR. You were there! Oh, I see it all now. They think they will get clear if they can succeed in tarnishing our firm! (*sits.*)

WYLIE. Well, I thought I was as big a rascal as was easily come up with in a day's sail, but after this, I feel like an honest man beside you.

HAWKINS. Come, come, Mr. Wylie, the law don't allow people to call names. (*gets WYLIE to go up c. a little with him.*)

WARD. Arthur, my son, speak! What does this mean?

ARTHUR. It means that they are all in a conspiracy to ruin me.

HELEN. Arthur, for Heaven's sake—

HAWKINS (*comes down*). Why, look here, sir. The matter's come to an end. The money will be returned and there won't be nobody to complain. Arrange the rest in the family among yourselves. I am not bound to go any further. It is none of my business.

Enter, R. D., ROBERT PENFOLD.

ROBERT. But it is mine!

ARTHUR (*rises*). His! (*falls back in seat with crazy laugh. He is mad from this to end*) Ha, ha!

*ROLLESTON.

*ARTHUR.
R. C.

*HELEN.

*HAWKINS.
*WARDLAW.
C.

*WYLIE.

*PENFOLD.
L. C.

*NANCY.

ROBERT. My good name must be placed beyond reproach.

WARD. (to ARTHUR, who hides his face on arms on table, laughing during the following.) What means this? Am I to believe that your life has been one pack of lies? one tissue of deceit? Are you really my son? or are you some base impostor? Tell them all that they have lied.

ARTHUR. Ha, ha!

WARD. You are mocking me. Unfortunate boy, you are nothing to me henceforth. (PENFOLD tries to console him, L.)

ARTHUR (rises, wildly). Save her! oh never mind the gold, but save my love!

NANCY. He does not know what he is saying! (comes beside ARTHUR, but he puts her hands away.)

ARTHUR. I'll not touch an ounce of it—there is blood on it! (change of manner to sorrow) He is alone with her on the island! Oh, justice of Heaven! I robbed him of his good name, and he robs me of my love.

HELEN. He confesses it all.

NANCY. Don't touch him; how wild is his looks.

ARTHUR (fiercely). I will go in. Burst the door in, or he will die! I will save him, I will save him!

Falls and dies. WYLIE, who had been revengeful, looks pitifully on him, kneeling on one knee. NANCY looks down on him. ROLLESTON looks at HELEN. HELEN and ROBERT, embracing, look upward. WARDLAW leans his head on PENFOLD'S shoulder. *Music.*

*HAWKINS.

*ROLLESTON.

*ROBERT. *HELEN. *WYLIE. *NANCY. *WARD. *PENFOLD.

*ARTHUR.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

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